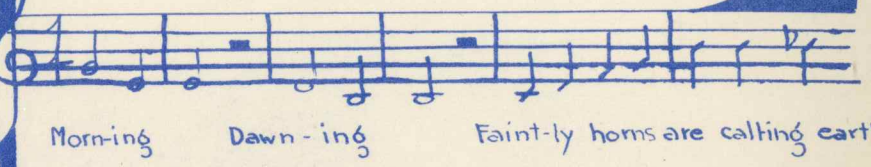
the TOWER

• alabama college

• second issue 1939-'40

Gold Slow Song '40

Morning, Dawning—
Faintly horns are calling earth
To open her rare treasures of gold.
Sun-bursting petals,
Rich gleaming metals,
Purple rays shifting through
Golden, golden mists.

Noon, noon, noon.
Treasures are gleaming with gold,
Earth in a splendor of gold—
Promise of day,
Promise of day,
A golden, golden noon.

Evening, evening,
Faint rays of light
Folding veils of night
Falling on earth,
Falling on earth,
Falling on earth.

Our Alma Mater, we pledge anew to you
Loyal devotion born of gold.
Purple of night, morning, morning,
A golden day is dawning, dawning, dawning.

Words by Maoma Moore, 40.
Music by Faye Prater, '40.

the TOWER

Volume 9. May, 1940 No. 2

ALABAMA COLLEGE
MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

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FOREWORD

Tower Glimpses

PERHAPS one of the most difficult attitudes to assume in any task is that of suspended judgment, of relative satisfaction in the only partial realization of an aim. Such is certainly the experience of the *Tower* staff as it offers you its second issue.

This final statement should be a closing note, a recapitulation, and last, a thoughtful defense.

Readers of the *Tower* will remember that we envisioned it in the first issue as a vantage point, a high watch tower from which to gain a unified view of truth in perspective. We admit that we have not attained such a vantage point in one brief climb. We are walking still perhaps the slow steps to the top. As we have glimpsed through one or two narrow windows, we have seen and been dazzled by some part of truth that has perhaps been overemphasized. No doubt if we gaze more steadily, or turn to see the scene in the wholeness of experience, the result will be nearer our aim.

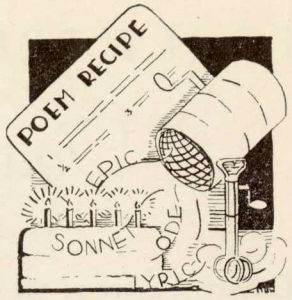
In this last issue we should like to cite several innovations which a number of readers have regarded as successful features: the introduction of articles as a literary form adapted to campus capabilities, the first experiment in group writing, *Theorem* 1940: *What Is Vital?,* and the beginning of a wider departmental range in contributions.

We express, now, sincere appreciation for your criticism, direct and indirect, interested or perfunctory, and only ask for next year's staff that you give it more often and more openly. It is your campus-wide publication, *your Tower.*

* * *

For College Night we believe that creative depths are plumbed which at no other time receive so full an expression. It is just that the *Tower* recognizes such literary effort and reproduces for the reunited Purples and Golds the words to their respective slow songs.

COOKS IN *Untermeyer's* KITCHEN



By JEANNE ESPY, '43.

POETRY is a birthday cake with white icing and pink candles. It's a cake mixed by an omniscient chef, who, with supreme finesse in the art of cuisine, put in exactly the right amount of everything—a whole box of Life was dumped in, mixed with some Experience diluted with cups of lilting laughter and sad seriousness. Bits of joy and sorrow were chopped into it, and a half-bar of Love was shredded into the frothy foam of Hate to make a paste when these were mixed with the rest. A dash of sea spray, a dusting of powdered sunshine, a great deal of wind, some April sky and smiles from friendly faces finished the cake. The chef called it poetry.

It is a remarkable cake, because when people taste it and find it good, they try to copy the recipe for cakes of their own. I like best to look at the cakes that are mixed by poets of today. Many of the older cakes have grown stale, but there are some that mellow with age and grow sweeter.

The Chinese are good chefs when it comes to little verse-cakes—I've found them pleasant to taste when I want something starchy:

"Gently I stir a white feather fan,
With open shirt sitting in a green wood.
I take off my cap and hang it on a jutting stone.
A wind from the pine trickles on my bare head."

When I get tired of these Chinese rice-cakes, Sappho's little poems are nice to bite into. Sometimes, though, they are rather too sweet. I like what she says about love:

"Love, like a mountain wind upon an oak,
Falling upon me, shakes me leaf and bough."

Roman and Italian cakes of verse have always tasted like fuzzy green peaches to my experimenting tongue; the Classic poetry cakes are filled with green persimmons. They are all baked too well. I don't especially relish epics. *Beowulf* was too moist and *Song of Roland* is tasty, but trite.

It's lyric poems that bake into the best cakes usually—they are all nicely done with the edges slightly browned by sadness. But I didn't say they were the *only* cakes! Everyone likes a change. Mushy sentimentality and slushy moon, spoon, croon things are not worth the ingredients they're made of. They bake into flat, doughy masses of oozey words! Poem cakes with real feeling stirred in well are my favorites.

Emily Dickinson made cookies—delicious ones that make me feel like long yellow curls and pink pinafores—young and gay! Can't you just see the bird in this stanza?

"A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw."

One of her other cookie-verses that I like is "I Heard a Fly Buzz When I Died."

The icing on Lizette Woodworth Reese's poetry is better than the poem itself: "Tears", "Spicewood", "Wild Cherry", "A Flower of Mullein" (I don't know what mullein is, but it tastes good, doesn't it?) and "Crows".

Stephen Crane lost the recipe for cake poetry, but he made up one of his own. He lent it to Gertrude Stein who improved it some. Their verse is freshening for a change.

"In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said 'Is it good, friend?'
'It is bitter-bitter,' he answered;
'But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart.' "

I don't understand it, but I enjoy it!

Amy Lowell is a competent cook, but she can't resist adding a little extra sugar. Neither can Edna St. Vincent Millay. A little of their sweetmeats is often too much. It easily makes me sick.

Frost's poems are loaves of bread. They have a lot of protein. The stamina and courage in them flow through you when you've digested them. Sandburg bakes like Frost, too, but his crusts are harder—sometimes they hurt my mouth.

Vachel Lindsay makes date bars chock-full of nuts, dates, and raisins of spicy, stringent words. He coats many of them with chocolate.

Why, I've hardly begun naming all the kinds of poetry I like to taste, nibble, bite and gobble up. Conrad Aiken, Joyce Kilmer, (he was so young!) Sara Teasdale, Hilda Conkling, E. E. Cummings, Robert Hillyer all have things I like, if its only the nuts I pick off the top.

But I think that Elinor Wylie and William Rose Benet could open a bake shop and set Elinor's frilly little pastry poems and jingly tarts in the window against a background of her husband's mud pies. There would be at least one cookie jar to keep samples in for all the passers-by: Her poems make you see, hear, and smell, and his are appealing in their simplicity. It's true that Elinor Wylie's poetry is sometimes over-crisp and over-decorated, but there is beauty in them that attracts everyone.

There is no more room. As a cook-book has to omit some choice recipes, so do I have to forget some poets that I'd like to talk about.

This great birthday cake with all the little patty-cakes, pastries, tarts and bon-bons grouped around it is an inspiring sight. I like to gorge myself on huge slices. Someday, perhaps, I shall try to bake a cake, too.

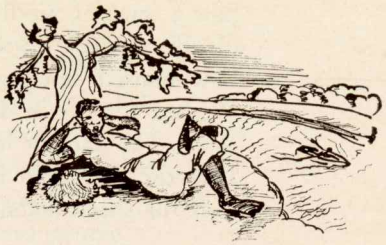
FOG

Fog is a great advocate of democracy.
Its common grayness equalizes everything;
Colors, sizes, shapes are blurred indistinctly
As features are obliterated in faces of a multitude.
It moves slowly, calmly, aware of objections to its presence
But minding them not at all.

It has the beauty of the unexpected and the unpredictable
Without the terror of the swift.
It is bulky, yet graceful and free.
When the sun drives it with harsh command,
Or the wind is merciless with cruel force,
It may seem to vanish utterly in fear—
But howe'er it may be routed, yet it will return,
Effacing the sun and the wind in their spent strength,
Irresistible in its common grayness.
Fog is a great advocate of democracy.

—*Frances Woods,* '41.

THE *Childhood* of JEREMIAH



By CAROLYN ROWE, '42.

By the banks of the Alabama,
By the muddy 'Bama River,
Stood the cabin of Mirandy,
Daughter of the fields, Mirandy.
Just behind it hung her clothesline,
Hung the sheets and shirts upon it;
Hung the fresh-washed faded patch quilt.
Brown before it flowed the water,
Flowed the muddy river water.

There the monstrous old Mirandy
Nursed the little Jeremiah;
Fed him greens and made him pone bread;
Washed him weekly in the river;
Hushed his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush yo' mouf, you nigger baby!"
Hugged him to her breast and loved him.

Many things Mirandy taught him,
Of the river and the white folks;
Showed him Mister Smith, the mayor,
Nola with her fiery dresses;
Showed the docks with all the steamboats;
Showed the church, the way to heaven;
Told of Christ and all His powers,
All his kindness to forgive us;
Showed him cotton, how to pick it;
Made him poles and lines to fish with.

In the shade on summer evenings
Lay the little Jeremiah.
Heard the gushing of the river,
Calling him to follow after;
Saw the scenes the dock-hands told him,

Saw a town of kindly white-folks,
Gaudy niggers, horses, steamboats;
Saw himself upon a steamboat.
Wished for life in distant places.
Wished so hard at last he started.
Left the river, old Mirandy,
Left the shack among the pine-trees.

Worked his long way down the river,
Labored 'til he saw the city.
Happy was he of all others;
Dazzled by the brightness of it,
Dazzled by the gadgets in it,
Wondered at the bright red dresses
Worn by all the copper women.
Saw he then the lights and sidewalks,
Saw the stores, the cars, the houses,
Heard the music from the tavern,
Worked there cleaning in the tavern.

But later saw he dark and gutters;
Saw the bars across the windows;
Saw the filth that was the city.
Heard the music of the church meet.
Longed then for that river cabin,
Wished for pine trees and Mirandy,
Wished for greens with bacon drippings.
Wished so hard he stole some money,
Bought a dress for old Mirandy,
Bright red dress for old Mirandy.

Worked his way back up the river,
Steam-hand to the fiery furnace;
Sweated 'til he reached the cabin,
Reached the breast of old Mirandy;

Gladly did she home receive him,
Proudly did she don the red dress,
Cooked him greens and pork and pone bread
'Til his muscles swelled from eating.

Back he went to picking cotton,
On the fields from morn till nightfall;
Singing of his joy of living,
Singing of the home and people,
Singing of the city's morals,
Of the tavern and the women,
Singing then about the pine trees,
Of the pone bread and the river.

Thus from childhood into manhood
Grew this nursling of the Southland.

CHARACTER STUDY in *Security*

By CELIA METHVIN, '40.

HER OUTSTANDING physical feature was her automatic eyebrows; her outstanding mental feature was a continued state of cranial sabotage. Now, of a certainty, the lively eyebrows were the result of the mental condition and may properly be called part of the whole process, but they were the only indication that revolutionary tactics were gaining momentum behind a piece of ordinary bone.

Thinking back over the situation after a siege of very strenuous mental exertion, she decided the whole matter probably started in the office where her particular task was alphabetizing and cataloging Social Security cards—those keen little parallelograms with their pious, self-satisfied faces. In the first analysis her reaction skimmed the surface: "I don't see why in the tarnation these little jiggers won't fall into A B C's like the saviors of humanity they are supposed to be. All they give me is a peeling manicure and a crick in the neck."

Then, security . . . security . . . security! drummed into her brain until the word was drowned in unconsciousness. It tossed and fermented and infected. True to her peculiar habit, she addressed her ravings to one particular person whom she disliked intensely and toward whom she was always on the defensive, although the person was not present except in a sarcastic memory.

What do these master-minds call security? You say "The ability to be secure, freedom from exposure to danger, feeling of or assurance of safety or certainty, freedom from anxiety or doubt." If that's security then my rainy-day fund of $25.36 ought to make my mind feel a little easier about where the next pair of hose is coming from, and my nice thick door with a padlock ought to free me from "exposure to danger," and my life insurance and burial policies ought to give me "freedom from anxiety or doubt." Trouble is, you never say "to" or "from" *what*. I may walk out of this office this very day and skid on a banana peel and spend my $25.36 repairing a slightly mangled frame, or somebody may jimmy my burglar-proof padlock and konk me over the head for the fillings in my teeth, or maybe my coffin will have a crack in it and I'll tarnish before I'm dead good. One never knows. And I'll swear I'm not being overly pessimistic. Or maybe you say if I swear I won't have the security of knowing I'll pass without pre-examination by St. Peter. Well, that's nice. I'll at least have one kind of security.

And maybe you'll say, "Security is knowing that when you reach the ague-ish age of 60 you'll have bread-and-butter money, and the wherewith to help Sally finish buying her silver and to pay for Jim's silver-plated fog light." Well, I don't know. It doesn't add up to anything by my method.

I'll go this far with you. I'll say that security is freedom, but I'd change the "freedom from" to "freedom to" so you can begin at the beginning and start running from there. If I'm not mistaken, freedom is a great American heritage—so any security we might have would certainly begin with that great intangible. Now you'll say that one can have security without freedom. And I ask you what sort of security is it when your spirit is caged in extenuating circumstances. Maybe you'll cite the case of the proverbial female whose husband has all and plenty, and I'll certainly ask you since when money was the only basis for security. Maybe what I mean is that security is a great intangible too, that it exists only when the spirit is free and the mind is clear. Then you'll catch the weak spot in the argument and ask since when did man get to be such an idealist that he wouldn't mind if his stomach were empty if his spirit were free. I'd then have to tell you frankly that is where my fine theory breaks down. I'd then have to qualify my statement and bring in an old American maxim that has been discredited so much that you wonder how it ever got that way in the first place—and that is, no man who ever liked work lacked it. Then it would follow that bread-and-butter money was forthcoming even if he didn't have a chicken in the washpot and a Ford in the garage. But see, I can't prove it.

I can only take examples from these Social Security cards, and they clinch everything you say. But then some day I'll forget that you attacked my fine theory. And fool that I am, I'll go on dreaming about—and having, too, thank God, a security that you and your penny-pinchers-and-throwers never had—a security of the spirit and of the mind that will permit me to say, "No, I haven't had my lunch-hooks in anything more than sandwiches for two weeks, but say, did you see that flock of geese that flew over like angels on an up-hill pull today?" And ten to one you'd say, "My God, since when did they pay secretaries enough to fill a gnat's eye? I haven't had a manicure in two weeks."

I think I'd spit in your eye—that is, mentally—if I didn't like the fresh air in the next block better than the slightly congested area in which you live and have your economic being. Being of sound mind and peaceful constitution, I merely bow politely and sniff up the street.

IF I SHOULD NOT RETURN

If I should not return
To muddy road and rocky hill,
Where you are walking still—
If I should not return
To hear the singing falls,
Although I know it calls—
If I should not return,
I've heard you laugh—
I've felt the spring—
What matter, then,
If I should not return?

—*Rosa Tusa,* '43.

MAN

Mountains etched a skyline
Awesome in its power;
Far down near the baseline
Bloomed a fragile flower.
Man can pluck the tiny blossom
Crush it as he will;
Never can he level mountains
Forming just a hill!

—*Martha McRae,* '42.

Commercial BLINDFOLD

AN ARTICLE

By JEANNE APPLETON, '42.

THE SCENE is the piece goods department of a prominent and reliable department store anywhere in Alabama; the characters, an Alabama College senior, glowing with the excitement of buying commencement clothes, and a saleslady, cooing solicitously, "Dear, may I help you?" This senior is going to have her dresses made by mother from material our member of the class of '40 selects knowingly and luckily, or unknowingly. Six weeks from now will the senior, who probably has to count pennies, glow as excitedly when she wears the clothes she buys today, or will she scowl at the once straight but now uneven hems, pulled seams, slightly dulled colors, and thousands of other little flaws that she hopes no one will notice? Will these clothes that she so happily selects today live up to her expectations? How can she predict their longevity when she makes her purchase? This seems to be the direct point of the consumer's worries, but indirectly how well her purchases turn out can profoundly affect the cultural and recreational aspects of her life. Whether she consumes wisely or luckily can alter her vocational opportunities. Her political outlook may be entirely changed by her success or failure in buying.

Happy purchases involve and are dependent on four key factors. First, the consumer herself must decide for what purpose she will spend her money. Second, producers must answer the question of what the wonder of machinery will be used for. Then there is the decision of the use of human ingenuity, and last, the establishment of those purposes to which we shall apply commerce and industry.

Wise planning, careful study, and interminable attention to her problem are the first steps in deciding the application of a consumer's resources. But the lone consumer cannot decide what is the best buy. It would be a much too complicated task to analyze carefully and try all the innumerable brands of products that the average citizen buys. Her help must come from organized effort of all consumers, the aid of progressive and reliable newspapers, magazines, and other information dispensing agencies, and a justified trust in producers.

In this day a manufacturer can turn out a comparatively inexpensive piece of dress goods that has been treated so it will not require starch, will have sunfast and washfast colors, has been treated so it will not shrink more than two per cent, will not split at the seams, will not

stretch or sag out of shape, will iron easily, and will last a reasonable length of time. But how seldom do we find that he has done all this! All these advantages have been heaped upon us glad receivers by modern machinery and the modern research worker in production.

With such powers at our call, why can't the consumer always depend infallibly on these qualities? Before she can be absolutely sure of what she is getting, far-seeing manufacturers—lovers of people—must set their minds and efforts to apply machinery, human ingenuity, commerce, and industry to the very best uses for the human race to which they can be applied. As much care must be taken by producers to create a rayon crepe as nearly perfect as possible as is taken in some nations to insure a perfect bomb or shell to destroy human beings and what they have created with their own hearts, bodies and souls. Producers must be determined to use machinery for construction of human needs rather than destructive production. They must be anxious to apply human ingenuity to the wonderful, the beautiful, that which elevates, rather than the ugly, the horrible, that which destroys. They must resolve to employ commerce and industry in all their entirety for the marvelous progress and moving forward of which humanity is capable in place of degeneration and disintegration which adverse influences can bring.

It is pitiful that thousands of acres of beautiful machines with the purpose of providing the United States' one-hundred-twenty-odd million men, women, and children with the best that can be had, are allowed to turn out half-way goods. It is criminal that supposedly reliable magazines and newspapers advertise and set these half-way products up before the public in skillfully deceiving advertising pages that could be more profitably turned over to the exposure and scientific analysis of merchandise. Some even confer misleading and meaningless "Seals-of-Approval" on these false materials. There is a gap in the field of consumer education to be filled by papers such as the Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Sunday Herald,* which answers consumers' questions about branded products and gives specific information on almost all phases of the problem. It is pathetic that such an abundance of human ingenuity is wasted, squandered on destructive manufacturing, half-done production, and attempts to fool the people about what these thoughtlessly inhuman have mis-made. It is shameful that with such great, untried possibilities for better, more efficient production the ill-paid Negro cook, who needs her money more than some more fortunate persons, usually is condemned to wear clothes that wear out too soon and fail in their duty of keeping her sufficiently warm during the winter months. The housewife who is bending all her energies to saving money

for Junior to go through college must guess at the value she is getting in some canned goods.

Buyers may as well be blindfolded for all the opportunities they have to spend their money wisely and knowingly. When there is so much space for improvement, the opportunity in the form of master productive minds and miraculously wonderful machinery is used to manufacture shoddy, sorry products. Over-production has been pounced upon as a cause of many ills. The truth of the matter is we have over-production of the wrong sort of goods and under-production of those that should be available to everybody for the relatively small outlay of money.

When these evils have been corrected, the senior of our episode can glow with pride when she goes to church next August in her delphinium blue rayon crepe that she wore to the Senior Tea. If she chooses intelligently, the blue will be still exactly as it was the first day she wore her dress; the fit will be perfect (unless she has been lazy during the summer); the seams will be unsplit and unraveled, just as her mother sewed them in April; and the dress will be clean from washing by directions given by the saleslady or included in the label of the cloth. The same story will follow through with her other clothes. Her white dress will be still unyellowed; her formal will still charm the stagline; and she will have a wardrobe that lasted all summer with left-overs for next summer. It is such buying that saves money and makes for a higher standard of living.

Let us all earnestly hope for the day that the informed consumer may buy confidently any kind of product, whether it be lipstick or automobile, shoes or washing machine, fur coat or bolt. When this time comes, the world of production will be keyed to the world of consumption.

DEATH COMES TO CASANOVA

For the prehensile gropings
Of a fickle heart grown cold
I feel no pity.
Deadly, grasping tendrils
Sought chastity to enfold
With lawless hurricane.
The proud pectoris knew power,
Thrust honor toward a periphery
Of whirling chaos.
Now weep, fair Casanova.
Find you death a mystery
Creeping on your dais? —*Celia Methvin,* '40.

BE IT *Resolved:*

In an enthusiastic letter, Yenna York, Pi Kappa Delta Varsity Debater, gives us interesting sidelights on this year's extensive forensic tour.

Dear Father:

WHEREAS you are probably wondering how I've been occupying my time this past month, and whereas your letter which I received this morning informed me that I'd better communicate with you to a greater degree than by means of penny postcards, and whereas I have nothing to do but work on about four term projects, be it henceforth resolved that I am going to take time off and dedicate this Saturday night to writing you an account of our wonderful debate trips.

This debate season has really been a full one. When we left the campus on March 18 for our northern trip, we had spent four months in preparation and had met teams from Wheaton College, (Wheaton, Illinois), Carson-Newman College, (Jefferson City, Tennessee), Presbyterian College, (Clinton, South Carolina), Mississippi State College for Women, (Columbus, Mississippi). You can imagine the excited condition we were in when we left Montevallo on March 18 to see how other students in other schools felt about the U. S. isolation and, incidentally, to see a slice of those United States.

Our week began with a debate Monday night with Tennessee Wesleyan College, a co-educational school at Athens, Tennessee. We stayed in the dormitory there that night and found that Alabama College is not the only school with rules. Indeed, as our trip progressed, we agreed that Alabama College regulations are quite lenient; we wished that more of the students here could really appreciate how progressive and forward-looking our school is. On Tuesday we crossed Tennessee and Kentucky, lost an hour as we entered Cincinnati, and arrived at the University of Cincinnati just in time for a debate at 7:00 P. M. This really was an interesting school to us, for it is certainly a "street car college." Practically all the students live in town and a large number of them spend some time at a job while they are doing their college work. Their night school attracts many students. They have a beautiful campus, quite conveniently and attractively arranged, and they seem to be well equipped in every respect. We soon learned that they were well equipped to give us a good debate.

Snow was falling when we set out for Detroit early Thursday morning. Although it was quite chilly, the snow was beautiful, and I'll never forget our drive that day through the lovely farmlands of Ohio.

The small, well-kept farms, with their air of industry and prosperity, formed a contrast in our minds with the plight of the southern tenant farmer with whom we are familiar. Wayne University, in Detroit, Michigan, was our next stop. We spent Friday afternoon in debating, and then we set out to see Detroit. Our excursion carried us first to Belle Isle, which is the largest municipal park in the United States. Although it was quite different in appearance under seven inches of snow, we could see how it might well justify its position as retreat for city dwellers during the summer. We drove through down-town Detroit, saw its largest shops, and went through the Fisher building, one of the most modern of skyscrapers.

The real thrill of our Detroit visit came Friday morning when we went into Canada. We had to go through customs to get out of the United States, and had to submit to the same process when we came back—thirty minutes later. Although we were not there long, we have the assurance of knowing we've been to "foreign lands." This short visit into Canada did serve to bring the war abroad closer to us than anything before, because we observed that men on duty at customs were all elderly men. The Red Cross stations and signs for enlistment made us recognize that the conflict is something more than headlines in the daily papers.

Friday night was spent in Dayton, Ohio. Saturday we began to get back to the south. At Georgetown, Kentucky, we had a debate in the afternoon, and at Berea, Kentucky, Saturday night. Berea is as fine a place as we had anticipated that it would be. The students are working together there in a spirit of cooperation which is gratifying. We spent Easter Sunday morning here, but the constantly falling snow made it difficult for us to realize that it was Easter.

Sunday afternoon we drove to Knoxville, where we spent the week at the National Pi Kappa Delta Convention.

The national convention was a wonderful experience. From the opening speeches Monday morning through the closing speeches at the banquet Friday night, the seven hundred delegates from the colleges from all parts of the country vied with each other in a spirit of friendly rivalry for honors in the forensic field.

The schedule for each day was full of contests in oratory, extemporaneous and impromptu speaking, and debating. On Wednesday afternoon, however, all business ceased and the entire convention went through the Great Smoky Mountain National Park on a Motor Cavalcade which was climaxed by a dinner and dance at Gatlinburg, up in the mountains. The scenery was superb, and I am sure no delegate will ever forget that part of the convention. An outstanding item among the

activities of the week was the National Student Congress, which was progressing in the Knox County Court House. This is conducted by Pi Kappa Delta every two years as part of the convention program. Representatives from each college meet, elect officers, and conduct business just as if they were the National Congress of the U. S. This year the group experimented with the unicameral system and found this provided a very successful Congress. It seems to me that if more people could have heard the intelligent and constructive way in which the measures brought before the Congress were discussed by this group, they would not be so certain that the country is "going to the dogs" when the younger generation comes into control. The Convention closed Friday night, and on Saturday the representatives scattered out over the country again, returning to their various colleges.

And thus, you see, your daughter has been occupied for this past month. In view of the fact that Saturday night is rapidly turning into Sunday morning, this must be all.

Your Daughter,

Yenna

RAIN

A temperamental thing the rain;
It laughs, it sulks, it sighs,
It's gay, it's quick, it's happy,
And it's gray and never dies.

It falls like glittering diamonds
Unloosed by giant fist,
Then fingers curl and clutch again
And leave the earth, rain-kissed.

It's angry at the sun
Who trespassed on a cloud.
It fights it back
With hard-flung drops
And hides it in a shroud.

And then sometimes it's sad
And has the world to show
These weary, desolated drops—
Its temperament, you know.

—*Sara Harris,* '41.

WHILE STUDYING HISTORY

Long was the first to use anesthetics.
Those waves keep drifting into my brain—
Fringing edges of urgent thought,
Inconstant, haunting, ghosts of sound,
Monopolizing, vibrating noise,
Taking swift possession of me—
Until there is no room for thoughts
That *Long discovered anesthetics.*
Long was first to use anesthetics.

Music, scattered, caught by the wind,
Doubled, redoubled, divided, until
Each breeze deposits with its caress
The rhythmic, throbbing heart of baton,
The blur of speech, a waltz, then jazz,
Unclassified sensations, then—
Wonder. Straining. Recognition.
Using patience. Another tune—
Oh, turn it down! Come back my thoughts!
Long was first to use anesthetics.

—*Carolyn Rowe,* '42.

SYNCOPATION

Some distant hand arranged the rhythm
Of my life and timed it so,
And heard its plodding cadence
Calling, simple, solid, slow.

Your own, though, is a subtle one
And, changeable like fire,
Is played in the sigh of a violin,
Again in the smile of a lyre.

My only fleeting comfort for
This contrast that I fear
Is that from a distance heard,
Discord is music clear.

—*Madie Belle Ward,* '40.

The WATCH

A CHARACTER SKETCH

By LUCILE WEAVER, '41.

THE MOONLIGHT pushed between the forks of the tree to disclose a motionless figure leaning against the trunk. It would not be recognizable as a human being if one were not almost upon him. It was only the sudden turn of the head that revealed his presence to me, and the ominous gleam of his eyes like a firearm flashing in the dark as it is whipped into position. There was the same cautious alertness in those pale eyes, almost the color of the leathery, weather-beaten skin, except for the pupils which were abnormally dilated in the night. One could even see the unshaved bristles of his cheek. His moustache drooped over the corners of his mouth, but did not conceal the snout-shaped lower portion of his face with the prominent teeth. A small beaver cap was on his head, and a lock of black hair fell over his forehead. Even the gray among the black showed silvery in the inadequate moonlight. His hard, rough hands grasped tightly the long-barreled rifle he carried. He leaned over carefully and peered searchingly around him. His stooped shoulders strained forward. His thick lumberjack rustled heavily, and his boots creaked inadvertently.

He remained in that watchful attitude long enough to convince himself that nothing alien was present. Then almost imperceptibly he sighed in relief. He glanced back at the black structure shaped like a tall, narrow house in miniature. It was the well.

I fearfully began to step forward. He was acutely conscious of my presence again. He called hoarsely, almost under his breath, "Who goes there?"

I tried to answer, but my voice refused to give up the words, and I began to tremble in fear.

The fellow stepped forward with one foot, throwing himself into closer vision. Then he suddenly recollected and drew himself back rigidly. He was still prepared to shoot.

"Answer quick or I'll shoot," he said in the same croaking tones. I could see the whites of his eyes as he strained toward me. I was now

quaking in terror. I could not even raise the white flag, much less hoot like an owl—the secret signals.

He cleared his throat and raised his gun. He was aiming straight toward me. I thought I would die before he could kill me.

He was working with the trigger. Then he let out a low "Goddam," and drew the gun back, examining it.

"Now," he said, and cocked it in my direction again. I looked into the barrel and suddenly my fear left me—that gun was trembling too; his old hands were unsteady—he was as frightened as I!

I leaped from the bush, dropping the handkerchief, yelling "Pa!"

He reared up and dropped the rifle alongside his body. I saw his mouth open and his eyes bulge. The moustache still drooped below the corners of his lips.

"Dan!" he ejaculated. Then he became suddenly cautious again.

"Don't scream!" he admonished vigorously. "What'n hell 're you doin' out here? I'm gonna skin you when I git home."

Such talk was characteristic of Pa, but it failed to frighten me this time.

"Ma sont me," I said sulkily.

"What fer? What'd she mean? I'll beat the . . . "

"She said t' tell you that the Revenooers ain't comin' t'night. They done went t'other side o' th' mounting."

Pa stared at me, dropped the rifle completely. Then he let out a few low-drawn hoots like an owl. We waited till a similar reply sounded. I looked down the hill, then toward the well. I now saw unmistakably a bald head bobbing up beside it. Pa began to run stiffly toward them, waving both arms. "Hit's orl right, hit's orl right, le's git to work," he yelled jubilantly.

When he was halfway there, he turned suddenly and called to me in angry tones, "You git home an' doan set foot outside agin! Tell Ma she better be keerful ef'n she doan want a nuther beatin'!"

I ran home as fast as I could, breathing in gratefully the cool night air.

REQUIEM

When I am dead
And voiceless, speechless, lie in silent state,
Think this of me:
"She loved her life, and loving, lived it so."

In all the many countless,
Glorious things I've known, and loved, and lived,
These things I've loved:
The sound of voices twilight-hushed and dear;
The morning sun;
Rainy, sad, gray, dripping mid-March nights;
The crimson-flushing waves
Of smoothly-flowing, shallow, muddy bays,
And muted fog-horns;
The scent of newly-lighted cigarettes;
The smell of soap;
The bright, clean shine of wings against the sky;
And drone of motors;
Still more, the earth at my feet, the rain in my face,
And wind in my hair;
The smell of saddle-leather; touch of furs
Against my face;
The warming touch of hands in friendship given;
Light laughter;
So many myriad varied memories
Of lovely things.
When I am dead,
And voiceless, speechless, lie in silent state,
Think this of me:
"She loved her life, and loving, lived it so."

—*Lucile Adair Argo,* '42.

CONFESSION

I do not like the wind,
Whispering vague discontent—
Following, hovering, lifting
Each leaf from quiet
And sighing in restless bent—

I do not like the voice
That stirs the thoughts I've laid
Away in silent calm—
Are they not mine to lose,
Deep in the inner shade?

—*Madie Belle Ward,* '40.

Lost INTERVAL A SHORT STORY

By MAOMA MOORE, '40.

The lake was still and dark, the light from the trees making still, grotesque patterns on the water. There were no familiar night sounds, only the quiet—two figures and two graves.

Nole Lockley: Maybe tonight he'll come, Katherine. It seems that he must come tonight. We've waited so long. We can find our peace when we tell him, when he understands—and then forgives. I wonder if we've been dead long, Katherine. He must be old. If we could know how many years it has been, then we could tell when he'd come.

Katherine Lockley: Don't be impatient, Nole. Chris will come. We are but thin, ephemeral shadows, woven from the light of the moon, made of wind breath and secret whispering of the lake—our voices the fading melody of some foreign bird. He will soon be here. We will tell him. Then we'll rest.

Nole Waters: We've been waiting so long, Katherine. Waiting, waiting each night. Our child is weary too. Each night we think Chris is coming but we hear only the whispering of the lake, the faint echoes of morning, laughing at us, laughing low, low. We listen anxiously. Enchanted for a while. Drunken, bewitched, thinking we'll soon find our peace. The echoes become louder, we must go again, only to come back in the night to wait for your husband. See how weary our child is? His head is in your lap. Do you not weary from holding him, Katherine?

Katherine Lockley: His head is light. We are but shadows, Nole—thin traces of shadow. Our child will rest when Chris comes.

Nole Waters: Do you not hear them, Katherine, the echoes? We won't believe it is Chris. Don't let them bewitch us again, then laugh us back into our nothingness to wait for another night.

Katherine Lockley: We've reached out so many times, Nole. I want to wait now—just wait in the silence. At first I thought I felt winter breath. I didn't know that it was the coldness of my shadow. Once I saw a flower, I could almost smell the perfume, but when I touched it, my hand felt nothing—only emptiness. Our child reached out for a bird—it flew away with a frightened shrill note unlike a bird. Our child cried, but I couldn't feel his tears. So we must wait, Nole. Then maybe we will find our peace.

Miriam Clark was near Chris Lockley's bedside. She had known Chris and Katherine Lockley when they were first married. Katherine had been afraid of Miriam. "Chris, she hoodoos the Negroes, gives them liquor." Miriam was one reason that Katherine wanted Chris to take her away from Fresh Earth.

Now Miriam looked at Chris Lockley. He was old. His bones were large. He was thin. His face was weary. The lids were heavy but lined. His nose was straight, his hair black with touches of gray. The covers rose. He was still alive. Miriam had watched many of the people in Fresh Earth die; she had seen many of them born. She had helped prepare for their funerals. There had been Katherine's and her baby's funeral. Then later Nole had died.

Chris Lockley had been gone for years. Miriam had almost forgotten how Chris Lockley looked. Then a few months ago he had come back to Fresh Earth—to die. He had stopped by Miriam Clark's house. "I thought you'd still be here, Miriam." I wish you'd come over and keep house for me. It needs a woman. Then he had walked away wearily, so wearily. The gate creaked. He was gone. Miriam had kept house for him two months. At times Chris would mention the coast, his job, his travels. "He must have made money," Miriam told the doctor. Chris' mind would come and go. In a state of delirium he called Katherine's name, told her that he would soon have peace.

Miriam watched the covers rise and fall, rise—then fall. The lips parted. Miriam's throat was tight. Her hands wouldn't move. She couldn't move her feet. "Katherine . . . peace . . . you'll never . . . have . . . " The covers were still.

* * *

"I'm so happy, Chris. Oh, Chris, didn't you hear me? I said the sun is riding over the trees, slowly now. See the blue morning mist break to let the sun through. Chris, do you hear me? The springs of the bed creaked. Katherine jumped from the window. "You're asleep again when I'm so happy. Wake up, Chris, to watch the sun over the hill, then through the trees."

"Oh, Katherine. Katherine. Quiet. It'll be in my eyes soon enough." Katherine's lips puckered, then pouted.

"Chris, Katherine." There was a loud, quick knocking on the door. "It's Nole, Chris." She ran to let him in. "Come over, Katherine. My flower, the one you named pixy-heart, opened this morning."

It had to open, the sun made it open. The two ran across the road over to Nole's home. Here he and Chris had lived as boys. Their mother and father had died shortly after Chris' and Katherine's marriage. Nole now lived there alone. Katherine smelled the flower. "It's so red, like grape-stain, Nole. It's velvety. May I touch it?"

"Your hair is so soft and clean, Katherine. It looks like the morning mist." Katherine laughed. Then they both laughed together.

Chris was a charcoal burner in Fresh Earth. It was tedious work. The charcoal had to be watched so that it wouldn't burn too quickly. Often Chris would be called at night to go watch it burn. The charcoal was covered with dirt, resembling an Indian mound. The Negroes and white people went in the morning to watch the smoke choke, puff, choke, then curl into a long wreath. They stayed all day, sometimes all night. Their recompense was small. Washwomen, some shops in town, and lumbermen bought it. So Katherine and Chris Lockley lived on a meager income—not a regular one.

Chris lay on the ground, watching the blue smoke spurt from different places in the charcoal mound. The grass was cool to his back. Katherine would be afraid. He had been gone all day. Now it was late. She hated the woods at night. She was afraid of the Negroes who passed the house. Their lonely moaning at night frightened her. One night she heard General John, the Negro preacher, laughing. It was a drunken laughter. At first it was a low laughter. Then it rose higher, higher, shrieking, and then low again. She closed her eyes. The laughter was still there. "Chris, I almost went crazy. I started laughing like General John. Then I realized he was gone. And I cried and cried until I fell asleep. Let's leave, Chris. Let's leave." Chris tried to catch some smoke in his hand. He should take Katherine away. She was right. They shouldn't bring up children in these woods. Someday soon he was going to look for work. Someday soon. But then he must be going home as Katherine would be frightened. Someday soon he would leave . . . look for a job . . . yes, he would . . . someday . . . soon . . . a . . . job . . . Katherine . . . will be . . . job . . someday soon . . . Chris was asleep. * * *

"Goodnight, Katherine. Maybe he'll be home soon. Goodnight." Nole left Katherine. Stood on the porch. Listened for the lock to turn. He walked across the road, . . . * * *

Chris and Katherine were walking through the woods, were passing the lake. "I like it when I'm with you, Chris. But we can't stay here. You're so young. You aren't like those other charcoal burners—ignorant, spending what little they have on Steve Culpepper's liquor. Chris, can't you find work in a city? Let's leave, Chris." They were walking slowly. Chris's mouth was set. He couldn't understand Katherine's reason for wanting to leave Fresh Earth. Maybe it was because her mother had been from the city, but her father had liked Fresh Earth well enough. They were near Miriam Clark's house. Loud

shrieks were heard. "Let's peep in the window, Katherine. They're meeting with the spirits tonight." Miriam Clark was in the center of a circle of Negroes. Their faces were black and oily. Their white teeth glistened. Their thick lips parted in fright.

"Come away, Chris, come away." Katherine ran. She was breathing fast. She fell. Chris picked her up. "Katherine, are you hurt?" "Let's leave, Chris, let's leave." She cried. Her tears were warm on Chris' chest—then cool.

"All right, Katherine, we'll leave."

Chris left the next morning to look for a job. He was gone three years.

* * *

Nole saw Katherine often. At first he tried to comfort her—tell her that Chris would be back. Katherine refused to believe it. One night Katherine and Nole were reading together. "If we could see that sand, stretching miles and miles into nothingness, maybe I could write about it, Nole. Then you would smile at what I wrote." She turned a page. Nole kissed her finger. Katherine looked at Nole. "You love me, don't you, Nole?" Nole kept looking at Katherine.

* * *

It was raining. "Are you happy, Katherine?" Katherine was combing her fingers through her child's short black curls. "Happy, Nole? Oh, yes, I'm happy. Are you happy, Nole?" "Yes, Katherine, I'm happy. Happy when you are singing, when you are smiling at our child, when you are talking to me. But when you are silent, I wonder what you are thinking. I wonder if you are thinking of Chris—my brother. Hm. My brother." Nole sat at her feet. The child laughed at Nole, pulled Nole's ear. "Katherine, do you think of him? Are you still in love with him?"

"In love, Nole? No." Katherine reflected a bit, kissed a black curl, let it fall.

"In love, Nole? That turned to a numb feeling, Nole, that has no description. Sometimes I think I've fogotten him. Then sometimes you look like him, Nole. Do you suppose it's wrong that we didn't wait longer? I wonder at times. That's why I'm silent." Nole shook his head. "At times I too think we should have waited. That's when I'm away from you. But there was nothing for us to do. We loved each other. Years could have been spent in waiting. What, then, if he didn't return?

"We didn't wait. What are the years if we continually look for his return?"

"Oh, God, he can't come back."

Nole walked on the porch. "Katherine, Katherine, is supper ready?" He opened the door. Katherine was talking to Chris Lockley—his brother. "Come in, Nole, I'll be leaving soon." Nole sat down. "Chris, you're back." The three looked at each other. There was silence. The child raised its head then fell back to sleep.

* * *

Katherine and Nole lived one year of torture. There was silence usually in their home. It seemed peculiar that their child learned to speak a few words. His lips would turn into a quizzical smile. Katherine would look startled. The child's eyes would become frightened. His smile would disappear. Katherine had never been well after the birth of her child. Nole wanted her to go to a doctor. Katherine would say, "someday . . . soon." Katherine went about in an almost unconscious state of mind. She forgot to fix meals. The baby would cry. Later Katherine would remember it was hungry. One night Nole was watching Katherine play with the baby, "Nole, when is spring coming?" she asked. Nole went over to her, touched her hand. "Spring has come, dear." Her eyes were bright and watery. Her hands were hot.

* * *

Nole was late coming in from his store. It was Saturday night. Katherine had been better that day. Miriam Clark had been with her all the day and had gone home.

Katherine stood looking out the window. The noon encircled her. She was moving her fingers before her face. "Such soft fingers, pretty fingers. Chris has put a ring on my little soft finger." She kissed the palms of her hands. The breezes pushed her hair about her face. She fingered it. "My hair, soft. Soft and clean like the morning mist." Her breath blew her hair. It fell in her face. "Clean and soft like the morning mist." She leaned out the window and caught a glimpse of the lake through the trees. Her eyes were white, glassy. "It's cool, so cool. My hands are hot. I could be cool—cool as the lake." Katherine went to her baby's bed. "His hands are hot, too. But the lake is cool, cool: "Nole, Nole." She lifted the child in her arms, went through the house, calling, "Nole, Nole," Katherine's eyes had a frightened glassy stare. He's gone too, gone." She left the house, running with the child. He was heavy. She breathed fast short breaths. She ran, stumbled, fell. Lifted the child. We'll soon be at the lake. It's cool. The child cried—it was a frightened wail like that of a small animal. Katherine was walking fast. "The grass is wet under my feet. Nole, do you feel it? Chris never did." She stepped over a fallen log. "Nole, did you see the violets in the log? They grow there every spring." She was almost running. The moon was playing through the trees. "There's a giant, Nole. See his

thousand eyes looking at me, staring, staring"—She was crying. She looked back over her shoulder. "His arms are long, reaching for me, reaching for me. Nole, come, get me. Nole, Nole. I see him. There in the lake. Nole is there. Nole is" . . . The water was cool and soft about her feet. Nole . . . the water was about her waist. Nole . . . Nole. A white flower moved in the lake. The water was still.

* * *

The Negroes found the two bodies at a baptizing. A few years later Nole Lockley died. The Negroes said he was crazy.

* * *

Chris Lockley: That first year I was gone, I was in an accident. No one knew who I was. For some time my mind would come and go—somehow I couldn't remember who I was. I improved, got a job. Later it all came back to me. Then I returned to you only to find you together with your child.

Nole Lockley: Can you forgive us, Chris? We've waited so long. We want rest—peace.

Katherine Lockley: Do forgive us, Chris. Our child is weary. The days were so long, but the nights when we'd wait for you were busy moments. Then the echoes jesting with us. We thought it was you. But it was only the echoes, and we must go back to wait for another night. We've grown tired waiting. How long has it been?

Chris Lockley: Thousands of years. The first hundred I hated you and your child. The other years I was old and almost forgot.

Nole Lockley: You are old, Chris. So old. We're so young. We can't forget. Will you forgive us?

Chris Lockley: Forgive you? I can't remember the freshness of pain when I used to think of you. That was so long ago. I'm old. So very old. I too am weary and want peace. Thousands of years have gone by. During those last years, I couldn't remember the reason that I felt a slow surging sickness come over me in the mornings when I'd wake. You see, I have almost forgotten.

Nole Lockley: But we're so young. Our moments have been brief. We didn't know that there were so many years.

Katherine Lockley: We haven't felt the winters and springs. We imagined them. But then we didn't know.

Chris Lockley: I've almost forgotten. If I were younger—if I were younger, I couldn't forgive you. Now that I'm old, I've forgotten.

Nole Lockley: But we're so young.

Chris Lockley: And I am weary. Tonight I want to rest. I'm weary.

The lake was still. The moon hung back in the trees. There was only quiet—and three graves.

BOOK REVIEW

By MARY STERNE, '41.

WHEN the cries of the ruined had ceased and the smoke from the shots of those who killed themselves in the 1929 depression drifted away, a shocked America faced facts! We forgot our individual economic plight and turned to our neighbors who had one less crumb than we. The depression woke us. It changed our way of thinking, and it challenged us to face this phase of reality.

Thus in our reading, we turned from idyllic love stories with their inevitably happy endings and focused our attention upon novels that depicted life as it really existed in America's so-called democracy.

Since the depression the literary market has been flooded with sociological novels, sensational stories of human adventure, and sketches of existing personal circumstances. So engrossed have many of us become in our fanatical enthusiasm for the truth in our reading that many of us have forgotten the abstract and the intangible. Pulitzer prizes have been awarded consecutively to such novels as Caroline Miller's *Lamb in His Bosom*—novels that reek with the smell of blood and the stench of sweat.

With the public clamoring for unveiled truths and harsh realities, authors have slyly placed their tongues in their cheeks. They have resorted to the authentic age-old device of the creative—that of making up truths and realities, or they have built upon one single true fact a magnificent novel, the fly-leaf of which often reads—"truly interprets and paints life as it really is."

Erskine Caldwell is only one of the many creative artists who has found his place in the hearts of the reading public. With "*Tobacco Road*" he established himself firmly as one who interpreted life in bold and vivid style. Though the book was censored, it has been widely read and much discussed. The play of the same name, adapted from Caldwell's novel, has been labeled "an insult to southern culture." Nevertheless, it has enjoyed the spectacular longest run on Broadway. There are few southern tourists whose curiosity has not led them to witness its presentation. Even Sally, the neighbor's cook, knows who Jeeter Lester is.

Now Caldwell has scored again! This time his achievement is *Trouble in July*. Its theme is reminiscent of the notorious Scottsboro case and calls to mind another literary work, *They Shall Not Die*. Similarly this drama in three acts depicts the tragedy of Negro youths

who, at the mercy of stupid and avaricious politcians, are condemned to the electric chair for a crime they did not commit.

The atmosphere in the small southern town was sultry and foreboding on that day in July when Sheriff Jeff was aroused by his deputy and told that a Negro boy had molested the daughter of one of the county's hot-tempered farmers.

Sheriff Jeff hastened into action—that is, if three hundred and fifty pounds of vile language and repulsive blubber can go into action. He got out his fishing pole—for he always went fishing when trouble was brewing in order that his chances for re-election might be excellent. His wife, a little dried-up woman with a shrewd intuition that always told her when her husband was unfaithful, urged him to hurry out of town.

Meanwhile out in the country the farmers were gathering. The sultry night air was tense with pent-up anger and growing mob-spirit. The men were grouped around the porch where the girl who was the victim of the alleged attack lived.

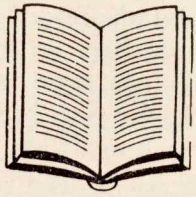
Instantly upon meeting her the reader suspects that this forward, bold girl has lied, that she has been the tool of someone fighting to arouse public sentiment against the negro race. Surprisingly enough it was the village busy-body who for years had been circulating a petition to get all the Negroes sent back to Africa.

Sonny, the hunted black boy accused of the crime, was innocent. Of all the characters he is the only one who wins any sympathy from the reader. He is like the fox at bay who felt the hot breath of the hounds upon his neck, and knew the stinging breathlessness and the torture of a hunt that must inevitably lead to death.

There was no justice there in that town in July—only trouble. Despite his innocence Sonny was trapped and hanged by the vindictive mob who felt they must protect the women. Then the girl, conscience-stricken by the hideous lie which she had been living, and lost because her lover deserted her, rushed into the midst of the mob and confessed her guilt and Sonny's innocence. The reader cannot help but feel that justice at last triumphs as the enraged men fall upon her and beat her to death—leaving her body lying beneath the tree where Sonny's corpse swings gently to and fro.

Like Shakespeare's plays the book is symphonic—for everyone is involved in trouble in July and everyone is betrayed by this trouble. Even Sheriff Jeff loses his political pull. Despite its vile language, its obvious aim at sensationalism, its description of atrocities heaped upon Negroes by the mob—there is beneath it all something that is not easily put aside. Something remains after the worst of the book is mercifully

forgotten. Perhaps it is the vividness of that last scene. Perhaps it is the continued attacks on the laxity of southern politics. Perhaps it is the tragic character of Sonny himself who despite his innocence is denied the rights of civil liberty, and is brought to trial, judged, and punished by a mob of emotionally unstable men. Perhaps there is a moral to the story. Perhaps Caldwell had a purpose in writing the book, or perhaps he wanted it to sell—but he has left something. *Trouble in July* is a book that you and I, the American reading public, may censor and label "filthy," but we'll keep it circulating. We won't let it be forgotten for there is a note of truth that rings through it. It forces us to examine objectively our own economic situation and political organizations! It daringly flaunts the racial problem in our faces. *Trouble in July* is a book that every wide-awake Southerner will want to read, for it is challenging and provocative.

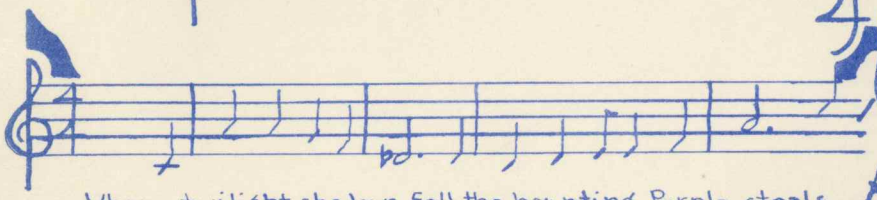


EVANESCENCE

From a claypipe and soap did you ever surprise
A rosy-hued bubble that poised to rise
    But 'ere it had stopped
    It silently popped?
So doth pleasure depart; like a bubble it dies.

—*Lucile Weaver,* '41.

Purple Slow Song



When twilight shadows fall
The haunting purple steals through.
The gold in the west like a heavenly dream
Lingers, then fades in the blue—

The lavender mist of evening
Holds the world in a sweet embrace.
There's a scent of delicate orchids
In her garment of deep purple lace.

Tonight the deep purple gleams
With dew diamonds bedded in gold.
Shell of moonglow gilding the world
While its rays close softly and fold.

Somewhere deep in the shadows
There's a spot each calls his home,
A place to live, to love, to dream,
Somewhere beneath the purple dome.

Words by Nina Ball and
Martha McRae, 42.
Music by Ann Glass and
Eloise Jones, '41.

T7.1-2